This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LEAVES OF POESIE.

Digitized by Google

BOUND AT THE
Operative Jewish Converts'
Institution,
PALESTINE PLACE,
BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

48.998.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LEAVES OF POESIE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LEAVES OF POESIE.

BY MARY HANNAH.

"Let us labour, and hope—hope is bright.
Let us labour, and love—love is sweet."

D. R. M.

THE PROFITS FROM THIS PUBLICATION WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FUNDS OF THE ALL SAINT'S, ST. PANCRAS, DISTRICT VISITING SOCIETY.

LONDON:
B. WERTHEIM, ALDINE CHAMBERS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1848.

Digitized by Google

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE OPERATIVE JEWISH CONVERTS' INSTITUTION,
PALESTINE PLACE, BETHNAL GREEN.

Digitized by Google

TO

THE LADIES OF ALL SAINT'S, ST. PANCRAS, DISTRICT VISITING SOCIETY.

SEVERAL reasons have concurred to induce me, dear friends, to dedicate to you this little book.

If our King graciously smile upon it, the profits will be given to our Society.

Some of the verses have been suggested by Providential circumstances connected with this district. With some of you I have held that sweet Christian intercourse which is so cheering amidst the gloom of this world's pilgrimage; and formed friendships which will deepen our bliss when every shadow shall have vanished in the noon-day splendours of that better land, whither we are journeying.

We have all mingled our prayers, and we are not

Digitized by Google

only all united in the same conflict, fighting beneath the same banner, for the same Prince, but we are labourers in the same part of the vineyard; we are of that portion of the one communion, who are led by the same under-shepherd, and, therefore, methinks we must share together our triumphs, and our sorrows.

And, Oh! that we could all feel at all times what a priceless privilege it really is to be permitted thus to labour co-workers with the King of kings. Oh! did we but work as strenuously, pray as earnestly, trust as confidingly, and hold our lamps as steadily, as with the help of our Mighty Prince we might do, what a light would it not be our privilege to throw upon this dark spot of our sin-blighted world! Did we live in sweeter, closer union with our Glorious Head, surely there would go out, even from our little band, a sacred influence that would tell upon this benighted region, and induce more to say, we will go with you, because we perceive that God is with you.

We live in times when anarchy and infidelity are rife among us; when the apostacy is waxing bold and strong, threatening the ruin of all that is venerable and precious in the land; but we do not despair, for we trust we know somewhat of the efficacy of prayer, and borrowing almost the words of a fellow labourer,

Digitized by Google

we would remind each other, that a believer is as welcome at the throne of grace with a large petition, as with a small one, and if our faith can grasp the extent of a nation's wants, God is honoured by the magnitude of our petitions.

Oh! let us, then, endeavour, with the blessing of the Great King, to awaken and to warm the hearts of those with whom we hold converse; let us live this year for one holy purpose, and prove our gracious Prince whether He will not pour us out a blessing, so that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

We know full well, for we have often felt it, what it is to be cast down and sore perplexed, that many difficulties occur to becloud our hopes, and to retard our progress; but we know, also, for our King has said it, that He will guide with His eye those that look to Him, and that it is our own faults if a dark cloud so often overshadow our path. I have sometimes thought how privileged of old were God's ancient people, when at the commandment of the Lord they rested in their tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed without one perplexing doubt; for when the pillar moved, they moved, and when the pillar rested, they rested; and yet methinks it is sweeter, far, to watch the glance of a Father's eye, and

Digitized by Google

without a cloud between, confidingly to follow where it guides. And are there not happy moments when we do thus see our Father's guiding eye, and do hear distinctly His gracious voice whispering sweetly, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And though we must be content often to be misunderstood even by those whose regard is dear to us, still it is a privilege so deep, so full of consolation, to be but a link in the chain of providence in bringing one soul to rest in a Saviour's love, to be but the finger-post to point one perishing sin-bitten victim to the great Deliverer, to be sent to call but one lost sheep into the fold of the Good Shepherd, that we may well afford to smile at discouragements in such a work; indeed, we should deem it a privilege to suffer for Him who gave His life for His followers: may we each and all be of that blessed company, who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Oh! that we were more earnest, more prayerful; then should we be more successful.

We have, some of us, stood by the bed-side of a departing spirit, holding but by a thread to this world, and have we not felt we could have given all we held dear in this life, could we but have known that that spirit had hold of Christ: and yet, till we live in the clearer light of a brighter sphere, we can never know

Digitized by Google

the real value of that soul; and should we not, dear friends, be also more successful, were we more confiding? Our King does not penuriously limit His grace; we hear the gracious words, "if *two* of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father which is in heaven." But do we really believe them; if we do, why are we so often cast down?

> "Oh! for a strong all conquering faith
> To credit what the Almighty saith."

Every thing around and about us calls for earnest prayer, for confiding faith; many whom we visit are not only faint and well nigh famishing for earthly bread, but still more destitute of the bread of life; without comfort in their sorrow, or hope in their anguish; and Christians are not of those who can look unmoved upon the sufferings of their fellow men, and reck not who wants, provided they themselves be full.

Oh! we hear the orphan's groan—the widow's deep-breathed moan;
We listen to the sighs—from rended hearts that rise,
And we marvel not that He, whose soul was sympathy,
Wept at the tomb.

But we do marvel, when we see amidst the startling signs that thicken around us, and the hunger-stricken

Digitized by Google

crowds that droop and die amongst us, the miser bending still with a lover's gaze over his huge unprofitable store; when we mark an almost Christian hugging himself in his cupidity, and fondling greedily the gains which he loves more truly than his God; when we see a gentle epicurean downily cushioning himself above the very breakers that roar ominous of doom; in a word, when we see any one who writes *Immortal* on his brow, stamping *Mortal* on all his handy work; but we may not be able to keep our money in our purse, or in our bank, when we see our brother pining in destitution, and upbraiding us with a meek complaint which, though it may be puffed away with the breath of pride, we feel moves the "posts of the doors" of the temple above. We may be willing to share our scraps of drossy ore in times like these, when there are not only sounds of wailing all about, but savage curses withal in harsh accompaniment, wrung as well from want as from wickedness, and yet allow the unbelief of our cold hearts, or the indifference of others, to damp our zeal and stay our efforts. We feel that we are unworthy, we know that we are powerless, but we know, also, that our gracious Prince, though the work is all His own, does see good in His unerring wisdom, not only to call us into His

Digitized by Google

vineyard and bid us work, and also give us bright inspiring promises of success, but more than this, does He not graciously give us, from time to time, to see the fulfilment of His priceless promises, and to find, after many days, the bread which we had in humble trust, at His bidding, cast upon the waters? Oh! what a Saviour is our Saviour! How matchless in power, how marvellous in working, how unfathomable in love. Surely it is not humility, but disobedience that keeps us back, when our Father bids us work; it is not modesty, but unbelief that stays our efforts when He says, go work in my vineyard. And can we add to the song of rapture that is swelling from ten thousand harps and voices? Can we deepen the throb of untold bliss that beats in the hearts of those ransomed loved ones who once journeyed with us below, but have now reached the margin of that better land, and from their bright battlements seem to beckon us to join them in their starry homes, by calling lost sheep home to the Good Shepherd; and do we linger because, forsooth, *we think* our King might choose fitter instruments to do His work, and refuse to share the blessing which he is willing to bestow? We do not attempt to question our unworthiness; we admit it all, we are far more weak, more vile than we feel ourselves

Digitized by Google

to be, but we do know that the Holy One, our King, has often condescended to employ in the most stupendous manifestations of His power and His love, the weakest, most unlikely instruments. He is not wont to deal with us according to our deserts, and if we hear His kind inviting voice bidding us share in the toils and partake of the triumphs of His saints, who are we that we should question His wisdom.

Moreover, it appears to me, that we must be hypocrites if we are not earnest Christians, that we can never join sincerely in the sevices of that section of Christ's Church with which we are in communion, unless possessed of strong faith as well as deep-toned piety: but did we more resemble that host of worthies who, "through faith, subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of the flames;" did we, when we stand praying, believe that we obtained our requests, methinks our thanksgivings for blessings vouchsafed to us would be more frequent, our success greater; and, Oh! would not every one roused from his death slumber in our districts, remove a burden from our spirits, which, though we strive to cast it on the Lord, in our weakness, we still feel. I know that I am not alone when I speak of being pained and perplexed by the indifference, the godless-

Digitized by Google

ness of many who are even willing to come to our sacraments; do they not tread the courts of our temples with careless indifference? bringing their little ones to a precious sacrament with frozen hearts and mocking lips? repeating words of solemn import which should be breathed but by humble, confiding, thankful hearts; and where can a remedy be found till the Spirit of the Lord be poured upon us from on high? We feel we may be blamed or misunderstood, but we cannot, dare not, press those heedless ones who slight God's best favours and are utterly regardless of His love, to come to a solemn sacrament to be but once administered, less coming prayerlessly, they miss a blessing and let slip a gracious opportunity never to be recalled; nay, we feel we must beg them to pause, till they have pondered these things, and wrestled for a blessing; for we know the Holy One will not be mocked. And now, if we can accompany them to the sanctuary, it is with trembling hearts and faltering steps, saying, peradventure, the Lord may bless the little one.

Oh! that our King would come among us and quicken every slumbering soul, for we do long that each and all whom we visit, should not only have their names registered on the tablets of the Church below,

Digitized by Google

but scrolled in the Lamb's book of life; and did we feel that every little one was brought in faith, with humble prayer and thankfulness, to the font, then with what joyful alacrity, with what confiding trust, might we put them into the arms of the minister, not daring to doubt but the blessing symbolled would really be granted; and then, with what unfaltering lip might we not join in the thanksgiving, believing that our Father had been mindful of His covenant and bestowed the blessing. And have we done all we could to bring about that blissful period when these fearful inconsistencies shall no longer damp our hopes and mar our joys? And are we occupied as we would wish to be, when the blissful cry is raised? "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Are we *looking*, longing for our King? Faithfully employing every talent in His service, as good soldiers manfully fighting under His banner, and contending earnestly for the faith? Are we meekly, yet firmly, protesting against the dark delusions of Rome, and the fearful apostacy of these last days? Or can we afford to smile when we see our Father insulted, and our temples desecrated by the introduction within their hallowed courts of Antichristian ceremonies? Do our hearts throb with righteous indignation when we hear men calling them-

Digitized by Google

selves successors of the Apostles, daring to propose that the Bride, the Lamb's wife, shake hands and hold friendly intercourse with that vile one upon seven hills, who is drunken with the blood of the saints.

Oh! tell us not that she who wears
The prophet's scorching brand,
Hath learned the ways of peace and truth,
And washed her blood-stained hand.

We know that searchless treachery lurks
Beneath her glozing smiles;
We know the dagger that she cloaks,
We know her witching wiles.

Bid us wage conflict late and long,
With Antichristian pride;
But bid us not forget the faith,
For which our fathers died.

And are we hopeful as well as watchful? We must not doubt the love of our Father, any more than the potent might of His right arm; true, the enemy is mustering fiercely for the last dread conflict, but a goodly band of brave hearts and true are beginning to ring again the lofty and determined protest, and is it not a cause of deep thankfulness that we can number our beloved Pastor among the number?

And yet, again, while we hate, as hate we must, the polluting, soul-destroying dogmas of Rome, do we love

Digitized by Google

with quenchless ardour those whom she deludes? Can we sit down in careless apathy and reck not who perish, provided we ourselves are safe? Are we willing to give up something, part with something, to aid them in escaping from her dark and cruel thraldom? Do we echo ceaselessly, with loving earnestness, the thrilling cry, "Come out of her, my people."

Come out of her, my people,
Oh! listen to the call;
Come out of her, my people,
Before her towers fall.

Come out of her, my people,
Oh! hear the thrilling cry;
Come out of her, my people,
While a hand to help is nigh.

Come out of her, my people,
The day is fading fast;
Oh! stifle not the warning,
Perchance it is the last.

Oh! when men tell us that we love not Romanists, we fling back the accusation; we do love them, far too deeply, too fondly to see them perish without an effort to save them.

And once again, dear friends, are our affections in harmony with our Father's? Are the beloved of His heart the beloved of ours? is it the constant deep-

Digitized by Google

breathed prayer of our souls? "Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion." Are we yet in possession of the blessing promised by Him who has never failed in His word, to those who show kindness to the house of Israel? And in those sweet and precious moments when we pour out our hearts before our heavenly Parent, feel His gracious presence, and walk in the light of His love; do we ever remember that our brother, our elder brother, is yet an exile, and beseech our Father that the wanderer may speedily be brought home, that he too may share in His love, and pillow once more his weary head upon His forgiving Father's loving breast.

And is it not, do we not feel it to be, an all-controlling motive to quicken our exertions on their behalf, that when the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory? And are the commotions that are now shaking the earth, indeed the preludes of His Advent? Who shall say they are not? Do we seem to hear in them the sound of His chariot wheels, and shall we not arise and trim our lamps? that we may be ready for His coming, and prepared to see the "King in His beauty."

I feel I have been cheered, comforted, and strength-

Digitized by Google

ened, by some whom I now address, in striving for greater conformity to Messiah's blessed image, and greater meetness for Messiah's glorious Advent; and seeing that the time is very short, that we have much work to do, and that the changes in this shifting scene, when even kingdoms and crowns are melting like snow wreaths, are so rapid that I may not long be with you; I have felt a wish to greet you all kindly, at least for once, while we are yet walking together, and if it may be, warm your hearts and mine. I would echo back the notes of kindness I have received, and if, with the blessing of our King, we can but quicken each other to new-born and uncompromising devotion, if we do but work with sacred, heavenly fervour, sure I am, though we may be scattered for a season in the tempest of this world's commotion, and meet no more till the trumpet of earth's Sabbatic Jubilee shall roll its rich diapason of celestial music over the hills and vallies of this now blighted but then restored creation, we shall then meet and partake together of the rapture, and share the glories of Messiah's kingdom.

May the angel that redeemeth from all evil, seal us for that day. And oh! would it not richly overpay

Digitized by Google

us for every toil we can endure, every anguish we can suffer, could we then but hear those words of gracious commendation from His own sacred lips, "She hath done what she could."

MARY HANNAH.

May, 1848.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LEAVES OF POESIE.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME." LUKE XIX. 13.

YES! till Thou come, my Prince divine,
I deem it bliss to work for thee;
I ask no love to rival Thine,
But where Thou art, I fain would be.

When wilt Thou come, my gracious King?
Gladly I'll labour, wait, and love,
In meek submission, till Thou bring
Promised redemption from above.

Though foes are many, fierce, and strong,
And muster close in dark array;
Yet thankfully I'll journey on,
Waiting the dawning of *that* day.

That day which prophets saw afar,
More blest its glad approach we greet;
Once sang for joy each morning star,
Now ransom'd hosts in triumph meet.

They meet, and shout the Lamb was slain,
All nature then was veil'd in night;
But now he lives, and comes to reign,
His retinue the saints in light!

Digitized by Google

"OH! IT CANNOT BE DARK!"

These words were uttered by a poor woman, on her death-bed, with a bright smile never to be forgotten, when conversing on death and the presence of the Saviour in the dread valley.

Oh! it cannot be dark, if the Saviour be there;
If we lean on his arm, there is nothing to fear;
For angels are waiting to bear us on high,
And Jesus, the blessed Redeemer, is nigh.

Oh! it cannot be dark! And her eye waxing bright,
Caught glory, methinks, from the Fountain of Light;
I hailed her a sister! What rapture to meet
E'er long, and bow with her, at Jesus's feet.

Oh! it cannot be dark! Those words echo now,
As they fell from that meek one, by sickness laid low;
The sheep that had wandered, recovered and blest,
Now sweetly reposed on the good Shepherd's breast.

Oh! it cannot be dark! But waiting we stand,
Till summoned by Jesus to that better land;
To that better land where the desolate meet
To bow with glad thousands at Jesus's feet.

Oh! it cannot be dark! The Saviour has passed
Through its shadows before us, and glory there cast;
And now through the valley we trembled to tread,
By the Shepherd King's staff, we are guided and led.

Digitized by Google

IN THAT HAPPY TIME.

"The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. xi. 9.

In that happy time shall the shadows flee,
From the blighted earth and the raging sea;
And God be honoured, and man be free,
In that happy time!

No clouds shall veil the peaceful skies,
No captives rend the air with sighs;
But shouts of thankfulness shall rise,
In that happy time!

Rome's dark delusions shall no more
Blight each fair clime and pleasant shore;
Nor war-whoop sound, nor battle roar,
In that happy time!

The warrior shall lay aside
His lifted lance, his mailed pride;
The lion with the lamb abide,
In that happy time!

From balmy sleep shall the child awake,
To play secure with the crested snake;
The mother look on from the pleasant brake,
In that happy time!

The grief-worn sufferer shall rest,
The soft breeze kiss the ocean's breast;
God shall be King, and man be blest,
In that happy time!

Digitized by Google

THE FLOWER GATHERED.

In memory of a Christian lady.

The master has come to His garden to-day,
And gathered a flower and borne it away.
We miss its sweet fragrance, we heave the deep sigh,
But we grudge not our Father its presence on high.

Most humbly we bow to Thy sovereign will,
And seek, gracious King, thy behests to fulfil;
Oh! stamp Thy bright image on each throbbing heart,
Then from every loved one, we'll thankfully part.

Revive us as tender grass after the rain,
That when Thou shalt visit Thy garden again,
We all may be waiting, and ready to go.
Or to tarry Thy coming, Thy kingdom below.

For all Thou hast told us, we meekly receive,
And this matchless promise most gladly believe,
That when thine elect are all gathered and sealed,
To His Church shall the Bridegroom be fully revealed.

We look for that promise, and joyfully wait;
And though the Great Bridegroom may seem to be late,
We'll trim ev'ry lamp, and we'll lift ev'ry eye,
For we feel that His advent draws rapidly nigh.

Digitized by Google

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Our tears are scarce wiped for one friend that we love,
And another is beckoned to join her above,
But we feel they are gathered to join the bright throng,
Who tune golden harps to a rapturous song.

Yes, Father we feel it,—and bow at Thy feet,
Thou knowest what stones for thy Temple are meet—
And when they are moulded and polished, Thy love
Appoints them their place in the mansions above.

'Tis sweet to remember we loved them below,
And to know they have rested from toil, sin, and woe;
'Tis sweet to kneel still in the place where they knelt,
And from the same lips feel the truths that they felt.

'Tis sweet to love still, the friends that they love,
For we feel they still love us, the ransomed above;
And from their bright battlements beckon us on,
And methinks echo sweetly our tremulous song.

For we sing though our tears are falling apace,
And we gird up our loins for a quick ending race;
We sing, for we feel the time speeding near,
When a Father's kind hand will wipe every tear.

Digitized by Google

We sing, for e'en now consolations abound,
As a Father's strong arm encircles us round;
And bids us still add to the rapture above,
By inviting lost sinners to share in His love.

And wilt Thou, our Father, permit us to join,
As co-workers with Thee, in a work so divine;
And smile on our efforts and give us to see,
That poor worms such as we, are commissioned by Thee.

Yes! Thou dost permit us to deepen the bliss
Of the loved and departed; a privilege this,
So rich in its fulness, so pregnant with joy,
That we seem to be fed from the manna on high.

And we go on rejoicing to do Thy blest will,
Our meat and our drink, thy commands to fulfil;
And as round Jerusalem mountains aye stand,
So the Lord shields His people through this weary land.

Digitized by Google

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. HENRY HUGHES.

From Solomon's Song, viii. 5.

WHO from the wilderness is coming now?
Faint is her step, yet placid is her brow;
She leans upon her Saviour, and she feels
He has the balm that every sorrow heals.

Long has she toiled amidst the shades of night,
But now the towers of bliss are full in sight;
Her step had falter'd, for the loved had fled,
Left her behind till every heart string bled;

To toil amidst the wilderness of woe,
To battle, and to suffer still below;
While they had gained the blissful clime above,
And rested sweetly in the arms of love.

Foes fierce and many, move upon the plain;
Too weak her strength, the conflict to sustain;
Yet she moves onward, and her glistening eye,
Proclaim's the blissful truth, a Friend is nigh.

Digitized by Google

Yes, round about, commissioned from above,
Bright cohorts guard her, and the God of love
Vouchsafes to be her guide, and bids her rest,
With the beloved John, on Jesu's breast.

And will the Mighty King, whose thunder rolls,
Who shakes the nations, who with might controls
The quaking earth, and with resistless sway,
Bids monarchs tremble, dynasties decay.

Will He the humble sinner gently guide,
And those who dare molest him harshly chide?
Encircle him with His all gracious arm,
And keep him safe from danger and alarm.

Stupendous marvel! well may Christians kneel,
Afraid to utter verities they feel;
Well may their hearts peal anthems full and long,
And heaven's bright harpers echo back the song.

Digitized by Google

LET ME GO HOME!

Oh! let me go home!
For this world is rife
With parting and sorrow,
With turmoil and strife.

Oh! let me go home!
I long to appear,
In the temple above,
And worship Thee there.

Oh! let me go home!
Heaven's courts are ringing,
With rapturous love,
With music and singing.

Oh! let me go home!
For the angels stand,
To bear me away
To that happy land.

Oh! let me go home!
For I long to meet
The Saviour who bought me,
And bow at His feet.

Digitized by Google

ON THE DAY APPOINTED FOR GENERAL THANKSGIVING, OCTOBER 17, 1847.

On this glad day we mean to try
To commune with the saints on high,
And lay our doubts and sorrows by.

We'll strive to catch the strains they raise,
To tune our hearts to joy and praise,
And live this day in heaven's bright rays.

Father accept the thanks we bring,
With rapture let our temples ring,
And shine upon us as we sing.

Many we love are gone before,
And waiting at thy temple door,
We tarry till Thou bid us soar.

For purity and peace we sigh,
To feel Thy gracious presence nigh,
And taste the joys that reign on high.

Oh! bid away each rankling care,
And when we in Thy house appear,
Do Thou Thyself in love draw near.

Digitized by Google

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Hail! New-born butterfly to thee!
Hail! Happy insect, bright and free!
The bonds are burst, that held thee fast,
Thou'rt soaring joyously at last.

No longer dost thou creep below,
With insect movement, dull and slow,
But mount and soar on azure wing,
Bright as the fairest bird of spring.

Tinted with richest rainbow dye,
Thy gorgeous pinions strike the eye,
And yet, 'twas but the other day,
Cold and imprisoned thou didst lay.

Who would not be a worm and die,
If such the pathway to the sky?
Who would not lay him in the tomb,
If sure, like thee, to mount and bloom?

And do we doubt, and can it be,
That He who cared for such as thee,
Who tinged thy tiny wings thus bright,
Should lose the nobler from his sight?

Digitized by Google

Oh! no! Thy beauty speaks to me,
And in thy happy flight I see,
An earnest that I, too, shall rise,
And, brighter, purer, mount the skies.

Here, now we grovel in the dust,
But the same hand thy shell that burst,
Who gave thee wings, and bid thee soar,
Will do for us as much, and more.

Yes! We shall shortly mount above,
We cannot, dare not, doubt His love;
This thought shall cheer us on our way,
This thought shall every tear-drop stay.

Digitized by Google

"JESUS SAID UNTO HIM, IF THOU CANST BELIEVE, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO HIM THAT BELIEVETH."—MARK IX. 23.

If we believe! Lord can it be,
Our hearts can question ought from Thee?
Aught that Thy love has given, to light
Our pathway to the realms of light.

Yes, Saviour! yes, we would believe,
And humbly every word receive,
Which thou hast given in love to bless,
To cheer us in this wilderness.

With might subdue each wayward will,
With humble trust our spirits fill;
Bid our glad hearts with rapture rise,
And hold communion with the skies.

Lord, there are moments when we feel
So blest, that at Thy feet to kneel,
And worship in Thy holy sight,
Is rapture full and deep delight.

But sin revives, again we fall,
And hardly seem to feel Thy call,
Thy gracious call, that bids us fight
As warriors in their prince's sight.

Oh! hold us with thine own right hand,
Blest Saviour, that we aye may stand,
Undaunted on the battle field,
And never to the dark foe yield.

Digitized by Google

"THOU GOD SEEST ME"—GENESIS XVI. 13.

WHO would not that his God should know,
The source from whence his sorrows flow?
Who would not tell his bitterest grief,
To Him who can afford relief?

Who would not to his God repair,
In the sweet privilege of prayer?
Appeal to him whose word is given,
To bring his weakest child to heaven.

Who would not feel his father near,
When all unbidden starts the tear?
Who would not open all his heart,
To him who comfort can impart?

When friends our motives misconstrue,
Who does not joy that God looks through
Our hearts, nor need that we declare,
But reads himself the wishes there!

When earthly comforts pass away,
Who would not hear his Father say,
I send these sufferings in love,
To fit thee for thy home above!

Who does not joy, when mortals plan,
That God can all their motives scan;
Permit to prosper what is best,
And scatter to the winds the rest.

Digitized by Google

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS; AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE."

[Occasioned by a person having remarked to a dear friend, that she was surprised to find he was a religious man; as she thought religious people were gloomy, but he appeared always happy.]

THE Christian! let it ne'er be said
That he should droop or hang his head;
It is the Christian, only he,
Who joyful is—or ought to be.
Away with gloom, let no man say
The worldling only should be gay,
'Tis purity that can impart,
A deep-toned gladness to the heart;
The soul's warm sunshine well we know,
Should in the good man's bosom glow;
Like thorns they crackle, and they die,
The bad man's pleasures; why, Oh! why
Should it, or can it mar our joy,
To have a dear friend ever nigh?
To feel he loves us, and to know
That he has power, not only so,
But has the will to help us through
All perils and afflictions too.
He who can rend the very tomb,
And make the barren waste to bloom;

Digitized by Google

He stoops to guide us on our way,
Is this a cause for sorrow, say?
Or does it, can it, gloom impart,
The study of our valued chart,
In which the way is marked and plain,
By which we countless treasures gain?
Rather should grateful thanks arise
For such a much required prize;
And say, who is there should be free
From care; and joyful, who, but he,
The Christian! Oh! he heeds them not,
Earth's choicest gifts, a brighter lot
Awaits him, and he passes by
A coronet without a sigh.
Some think he has no wish to rise,
And straight his grovelling soul despise,
Though much they err in thinking so;
It is because these scenes below
Are far too narrow, too confined
To fill his glowing soaring mind;
His warm, expanding, heav'n taught soul
Is gazing far beyond the pole,
Therefore he little heeds the fame
Which gilds below the worldling's name.
He tastes the clustering fruits that grow,
Drinks of the sparkling brooks that flow,
Nor slights these blessings, for the hand
That beckons him to yon bright land
Built every resting place, and spread
The starry roof above his head,

Digitized by Google

Tuned the sweet voices, plumed the wings
Of every feathered choir that sings;
Pencill'd the landscape, deck'd the flowers,
Whose blushing charms adorn the bowers;
But he's not satisfied with these,
For in his valued chart he sees
Beyond, a fairer, lovelier clime,
Fields that with brighter radiance shine;
Nor stays he drinking at the streams,
Because a little sunlight gleams,
For to the gushing fountain's head
He's moving on with quickened tread;
He does not waste his precious hours
In sipping sweets, and culling flowers.
For why? The sun is hastening down,
And if he stays he'll loose a crown.

Digitized by Google

THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

Let one deep strain of joy arise,
On this glad day, to yonder skies;
With rapture let our hearts record
The tender pity of the Lord.
Our Father! when we sought Thine aid,
The gracious boon was not delayed;
But soon our waving harvests told,
No blessing could His hand withhold;
His gracious ear is aye attent,
To hear the prayers that we present,
Petitions scarcely reach His throne,
Ere they descend in blessings down;
Our hearts no sooner bleed for sin,
Than His kind hand pours balm within;
The prodigal but ceased to roam
And turned his steps repentant home,
Ere he was comforted, and pressed
To his kind Father's loving breast;
And the same pity still we feel;
He wounds, but is in haste to heal.
Our gracious King! we humbly bend,
To each torn bosom healing send.
Thy voice hath call'd our lov'd ones home,
And we are left behind to roam.

Digitized by Google

A wilderness of woe, and sin;
Fightings without, and wars within.
Oh! comfort every bleeding heart,
And tune anew each unstrung harp;
And on each aching fever'd brow,
Write Thine own name, that we may be
From sins defiling thraldom free.
We long to feel no will but Thine,
Oh! bid thy Spirit's influence shine,
To cleanse, to purify, and give
That life by which alone we live!

Digitized by Google

OUR FATHER, OUR KING.

Our Father, our King! oh! help, for the foe
Is muttering fiercely; deliver us now;
Oh! guide us, for perils encompass the land,
O! stretch out to save us Thy potent right hand.

Our Father, our King! Thee only we fear,
Thy glorious voice we would listen to hear;
May it whisper behind us the way we should go,
All the days that we tarry and wrestle below.

Our father, our King! give us strength to fulfil,
'Mid turmoil and peril, Thy sacred will.
Oh! give us Thy presence, Thy presence to guide,
May we walk where Thou leadest, keep close by thy side.

Our Father, our King! oh, quicken our zeal,
Give us ever Thine own gracious guidance to feel;
Oh! come in Thy might and deliver us now,
By the word of Thy power subdue every foe.

Digitized by Google

ALAS! FOR GREAT BRITAIN!

Alas! for Great Britain! Apostacy reigns.
Alas! her own children are forging her chains;
Alas! for her statesmen are lending an ear,
To Popish delusions, and learning to fear.

Alas! for our homes! The pollutions of Rome
Are tainting the peasant, and sapping the throne;
Alas! for our temples! The fierce man of sin,
While he thunders without, pours corruption within.

Alas! for the world! For judgment is nigh;
The stoutest are quailing, the faint-hearted sigh;
E'en the careless are learning to think, for they see
The storm gather darkly, the cowardly flee.

But Christians are rising, and learning to stand,
Resounding the trumpet blast clear through the land;
They burnish their armour; the true and the brave
Their nation imperilled, uniting to save.

Oh! gird on Thy sword, mighty Prince to defend;
Oh! strengthen Thy people, deliverance send,
They are looking, and waiting, their trust in the sky,
And lifting their heads, as redemption draws nigh.

Digitized by Google

NO SURRENDER!

CAN Christians stand and calmly see
The spread of Papal tyranny?
Watch Rome her deadly weapons whetting,
Or stealthily her lime twigs setting,—
And yet shrink back, and leave their land,
A prey to that dark locust band?
Who would not rather stand and face
The cannon mouth, than bear disgrace?
Peal, peal the trumpet summons clear,
And shout that all the world may hear;
The King of kings is our defender,
And our high watchword, No surrender!

And ye who have the power, and can
Give of God's choicest gifts to man,
Oh! see that with the bread from heaven
Ye mingle no unhallowed leaven:
But let the stream flow pure and clear,
Of living waters far and near;
Having One only lamp to guide,
Jealous we are, and can but chide,
If we perceive an alien glare,
Lest it should prove to men a snare;
The mighty God is our defender!
Of principle make no surrender!

Digitized by Google

One only sword have we to fight,
Jealous we are, its edge be bright,—
Bright from the armoury of heaven.
We would to all that sword was given!
The mighty King, His work can do,
Be it by many or by few.
But when he bade you bravely stand,
And placed that weapon in your hand,
He warned you not to lay it by,
But on His foes its edge to try.
Who gave it is your strong defender,—
Oh! use it bravely! No surrender!

And oh! ye watchmen on the tower,
Warn now ye see the tempest lower;
Shrink not away with coward fear,—
Blow ye the trumpet loud and clear,
That men may gird them for the fray,
And Rome's polluting torrent stay.
Let every man stand firm, stand fast,
For this day's trial,—'tis the last.
And though the foe draws nigh, more nigh,
We'll on secure, our trust on high.
The Lord of Hosts our strong defender!
Our banners waving, No surrender!

ANSWER.

True we have aye a strong Defender,
And are resolved on no surrender!

Digitized by Google

But not content to keep our stand,
We'll on till we possess the land.
We do but half, who keep our ground,—
We'll on till not a foe be found.
To our great Monarch, all must bend,
To this may all our efforts tend.
God is our King! He'll help the right;
His word the sword with which we fight.
Rome's legions muster fierce and strong,—
On to the rescue! Christians, on!

On, on! We may not pause nor fear;
On, on! the foe is bold and near.
By threatenings the weak are scared,
By stratagems the thoughtless snared;
And daily we're compelled to see,
The darkest deeds of infamy.
No wonder cowards pause, and shrink
The precipice! We've neared the brink;—
But one step more, and all is past;
Stand firm, the night is closing fast.
Keep near your Prince, then ye are strong,
On, to the rescue! soldiers, on!

Digitized by Google

TO PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS.

Christians, fling every weight away,
And gird you for the coming fray;
Arise, the voice of duty calls;
Haste, for the foemen gird the walls
Of your fair city,—stay not then;
Quit ye like heroes and like men.
Trusting to promises and vows,
Ye have given entrance to your foes.

That fatal step ye must retrace,
Those traitor bands meet face to face;
With bold defiance in each eye,
Compel the recreant clan to fly.
Firm as the fixed unbending rock,
Stand, and repel this last dread shock.
On, like the whirlwind's rushing sweep,
On like the potent booming deep.
Each step they lose, that step you gain,
Christians the contest must sustain.
See that no cheek is blanched by fear;
See that no traitor loiter near.
Alas! the flood-gates ye have undone,
And the dark torrent now rolls on.
Join hands, or ye'll be swept away.
Can mortal man the dark flood stay?

Digitized by Google

Oh! yes, if nerved with strength from high,
He may the deadliest foes defy.
The Lord, whom dazzling hosts obey,
Oft works His will by forms of clay.
Forward! ye may not pause nor fear—
See, the dark band draws near, more near.
Bright hosts are looking from the sky,
And, Christians, must they see you fly
Before that alien band of night?
Forbid it, oh! thou God of might!
Seraphic choirs their harps are tuning,
Ee'n while the trump of war is booming.
They know the darkest shades of night
Heralds the brightest beams of light.
Away with gloom, away with fear
The day of triumph now draws near.

Warrior, doff thy eagle plume;
Mourner, quit thy garb of gloom;
Despot, cease thy words of fear—
See, His chariot rolls more near.
Captive, cast thy bonds away;
Prisoner, bound to welcome day;
Miser, fling thy gold below—
Nearer speeds His chariot now.
Merchant, lay thy books aside;
Sailor, gaze not on the tide:
See the bright clouds how they glow—
'Tis no time to look below.

Digitized by Google

Lift the heart and raise the eye—
How it glows the peopled sky!
Myriads of hosts attend their King,
Spirits bright His welcome sing.
He comes whom dazzling hosts obey;
He comes for universal sway.

Now tear-dimmed eyes are waxing bright,
Now clouded souls are bathed in light;
Bright harps they sound, warm hearts they sing,
And lips pour praise to Heaven's bright King;
And as each soul His goodness tells,
Sweet and more sweet the music swells.
Now wisdom as a river flows,
Now every cheek with rapture glows,
Now every heart is tuned aright,
Now every eye is glory bright.
And shall I live to see that day?
Haste, Lord, in all thy bright array;
Thou, who wilt soon be here to reign,
Oh! make us links in that bright chain,
That thou doest graciously employ
To speed that promised day of joy.

Digitized by Google

ISRAEL RESTORED, AND POPERY DESTROYED.

THE fearful storm is gath'ring fast,
The deadliest struggle and the last;
Dangers are girding us around,
Oh! may our hearts be faithful found!
The turmoil and the clang we hear,
But still we must not, dare not fear;
Thunders are booming far and nigh,
But oh! we must not, dare not fly.
Full many a Jesuit plot we see,
We'll stand, we'll conquer, and be free.
The victor wreath we'll keep in sight,
'Twill nerve us in the darksome night.
Great King of Saints, lend us Thine aid,
On Thee alone our hope is stayed:
The man of sin drives on in might,
Stand by us, Father, in the fight.
East, North, and West, our glance we turn,
And our full souls indignant burn.
But Witch of Rome, think not we fear,
Bring all your wisdom now to bear
With oily tongue and speeches fair.
Tiger, we've tracked thee to thy lair,
Where many a monstrous dark decree,
And fearful weapon forg'd by thee,
Attest the deepness of thy guilt,
And tell the blood that thou hast spilt.

Digitized by Google

Still dig, and mine, with wily care,
Prepare the plot, and lay the snare.
Or God's own people bent to crush,
Blindly and madly onward rush;
'Tis one; thou'rt mastered! God's right arm
Shall keep His chosen ones from harm:
Thy wrath shall praise Him, even now
A mark is on thy brazen brow,
The Christian knows it; wisdom's light
Guides those who seek her will aright.
Onward we look, a cheering ray
Beams on us of a coming day.
See, Judah's sons are rushing home,
Swiftly they cut the billow's foam,
And speeding over sea and land,
They throng the country, press the strand;
Banners on high are floating wide,
See, it rolls on, the living tide!
They come, they come, with joy we greet
The trampling of their toil worn feet;
Now every thrilling heart beats high,
Israel speed on, thy King is nigh!
'Tis gone! the veil that dimmed their sight,
The beams of day have chased the night,
Their gushing tears bedew the sod,
On which their King, our Maker trod;
And myriad voices now proclaim,
Christ and our Prophet are the same!
Yes! 'twas our own Messiah died,
We hail Him Lord, the crucified!

Digitized by Google

The same who cleft the riven rock !
He's gathering home His scattered flock.
Hark ! to that deep heart-rending peal,
Rome's seven hills are seen to reel ;
Virgin of Israel lift thy head,
Thou need'st not fear those thunders dread ;
She who hath crush'd the nations down,
Is wither'd by Jehovah's frown.
But you, the long, the much oppressed,
Who promised He will give you rest ;
Ye who were trampled in the dust,
Admit the punishment was just ;
The curse, ye've borne it, it is o'er,
Save tears of joy, y'll weep no more ;
The blessing, 'tis descending now,
Feel not your hearts a sunny glow ?
O'er thirsty hills are torrents dashing,
Dark maiden eyes with glory flashing ;
Cedars in leafy grandeur wave ;
Who but Jehovah thus can save ?
Now, doubters, where are all your fears ?
Now, scorners, where are all your sneers ?
The promises ! they are fulfilled,
The vauntings of the proud are stilled ;
Lift every heart, bend every knee,
The people of the Lord are free !

Digitized by Google

IN ANSWER TO THE UNFOUNDED ASSERTION, THAT THE VIEWS AND FEELINGS OF RELIGIOUS PEOPLE ARE NARROW AND CONTRACTED—AND THEIR PLEASURES LIMITED.

Oh tell not me that views confined
Fetter the Christian's soaring mind;
That sceptics, with their doubts and fears,
That worldlings with their anxious cares,
E'er feel the rapturous repose
The deep-toned peace a Christian knows!
Tell me the stars are faint and few,
That death is in the morning dew,
Tell me the winds have narrow range,
That man can times and seasons change,—
But sons of folly say no more
The Christian is forbid to soar;
Who looks beyond this world of sin,
'Tis he who feels a peace within,—
A peace so firmly based, so bright,
No earthly care can quench its light.
And tell me if this world can show
One spring of happiness below,
Of which the good man may not drink?
Children of pleasure, pause and think!
True, there are poisoned streams that flow,
And fell Sirocco blasts that blow,

Digitized by Google

From which he's warned to turn aside,
But not a good is he denied ;
Oh ! no, he looks around and sees
The garnished earth, and feels the breeze,
Hears the sweet sounds that fill the air,
And while he owns this world is fair
For these first fruits his heart o'erflows,
But then he sweetly feels, and knows,
That when these beauties pass away,
He'll gather sweets that can't decay ;
He rides like you the moon-lit sea,
And triumphs in the breezes free ;
But when the direful tempests rise,
And clouds thick mustering veil the skies,—
When navies reel—and oceans roar,
And your hearts faint, he's peaceful ; more
He knows of every living thing,
Fashioned by our all Glorious King.
The breath is in His hand, who will,
In the best time all tempests still.
With brightest hopes his bosom glows,
The sweetest melody that flows
He feels like you, nay more than this,
His heart bounds with a deeper bliss ;
For while the sweetest sounds are pealing,
And o'er his soul the music stealing,
And his rapt spirit, half inspir'd,
He does not feel like you, retired,

Digitized by Google

Apart from that blest choir above,
Who peal from golden harps that love,
That love unequalled, unexpressed,
Which deep is glowing in his breast:
Oh! no, he communes with that band
That host above, who glittering stand
Around the Lamb, he joins that strain,
For 'twas for him that Lamb was slain.
And all the sweets of friendship too,
Say are they quite confined to you:
Or are not his more bright, more pure,
And do they not for aye endure?
Your friendships cease with parting breath,
The Christian's triumph over death;
Oh! yes, if sickness should invade,
And one friend in the tomb be laid;
He knows the eye now clos'd in night
Will kindle into sevenfold light!
That gloriously rebuilt anew
His friend will rise, more bright, more true;
And he shall meet him yet again,
Fairer than on this mildewed plain;
Clasp him with rapture to his heart,
Never, no never, more to part!
Then joy shall sit upon each brow
Here furrowed deep with care or woe;
No sigh shall need to be repressed,
No evil struggle in the breast,

Digitized by Google

No shades of night, no sounds of woe,
No fears, no doubts as here below;
But perfect bliss and holy joy,
And notes too sweet for us to try,
Will fill heaven's courts; may we appear
Each in a blood-bought garment there,
And all our powers find bright employ
In that pure world of love and joy;
And every jarring heart-string here,
Be tuned to love in that bright sphere!

Digitized by Google

"THE LORD GOD WILL WIPE AWAY TEARS FROM OFF ALL FACES."—Isa. xxv. 8.

And wilt Thou wipe, oh! God of Grace,
The burning tear from every face,
Bid all these inward conflicts cease,
And to the torn heart whisper peace?
I feel Thou wilt, Thy word is given,
And though the azure sky be riven,
The sea depart, the sun grow pale,
This priceless promise cannot fail.
Oft as the gushing tear-drops start,
I'll bind this promise to my heart;
On this, when earthly props decay,
My soul shall find a constant stay.
Yes! Thou *wilt* wipe, Thou God of Grace,
The burning tear from every face;
Write Thine own name on every brow.
Now furrow'd deep with lines of woe;
Tune every unstrung, throbbing heart
To bear in Heaven's high strains its part!

Digitized by Google

THE LONE ONE.

Say, pilgrim, why that glistening eye,
Mid earth's gay scenes why heave that sigh?
Oh! tell me why?

Is not each spring of water clear,
Earth green, Heaven smiling, bright ones near?
Stay, stay that tear!

Look on the bounding, joyous main,
The star-gem'd roof, the flower-clad plain,
Smile, smile again!

Oh! once to me each scene look'd bright,
And eyes of heaven-caught beaming light
Aye blessed my sight!

But now the fond are far away,
Below I have no wish to stay;
Earth's sweets decay!

Yet deem not, though the tears will fall
That shrouded are my comforts all,
By grief's dark pall.

Though scenes around wax dark and drear,
Beyond Heaven's happy courts appear,
Pure, bright, and clear!

Digitized by Google

"YE THAT MAKE MENTION OF THE LORD, KEEP NOT SILENCE, AND GIVE HIM NO REST, TILL HE ESTABLISH, AND TILL HE MAKE JEURSALEM A PRAISE IN THE EARTH."—Isa. lxii. 6, 7

And dost Thou bid us take no rest,
Father, till Judah's sons be blest!
With joy we hail the glad decree,
And echo, Father set them free!

Haste, Father, bring Thy lov'd ones home,
Our elder brother still doth roam;
Bid him return once more and rest;
Oh! bless him and he shall be blest.

Long has he roam'd each foreign strand,
Plant him once more in his lov'd land;
Bid him repentant turn, and rest
His weary head on Jesus' breast.

Father! does not Thy Word proclaim
The old wastes shall be built again;
We do believe this glad decree,
But, Father, when, when shall it be?

Sure Zion's stones Thy people love,
Her dust they favour; King above;
Fulfil this glorious glad decree,
Come quickly! set Thy people free!

Yes, gracious King, I will not rest
Till Israel's sons again are blest;

Digitized by Google

I know Thy word stands fast and true,
That He who said, is strong to do.

And Thou didst bid this roving heart,
Take, in their woes, a sister's part;
And bid me, Father, plead with Thee,
To set thine ancient people free.

For Zion's sake we cannot rest,
Till her lost tribes again are blest;
Till, as a lamp that burneth bright,
In each and every nation's sight.

Saved, blest, and righteous, she doth stand,
A crown of glory, in the hand
Of the Great King—a diadem bright,
Beaming with radiant, holy light.

Go through! go through! prepare the way!
Cast up! cast up the king's highway!
The day of the redeemed is nigh,
Lift—lift the standard! Lift it high!

Thy King is coming, see Him now,
The many crowns adorn His brow!
Hephzibah, thou shalt called be,
And thy land Beulah, bright and free!

Yes, the old wastes shall bloom again,
Jesus shall take the crown and reign;
His meek ones of the earth possest,
Rejoicing in its Sabbath rest.

Digitized by Google

TO MRS. F. D.

"It is I, be not afraid."—MATT. xiv. 27.

WHILE the storm in mad fury is raging around,
How soft on the ear falls that soul-soothing sound;
When war notes are pealing and dark signs appear,
How sweet to remember, the Saviour is near.

When nations are shaking, and diadems fall,
When storms and commotions e'en stout hearts appal;
Still! that same sweet voice, as it whispers clear,
Bids each loving heart dismiss every fear.

"It is I," saith the Saviour, oh! be not afraid,
On me be thy trust, thy confidence stayed;
Let the scorner now tremble, the sceptic now fear,
But let us smile a welcome as Jesus draws near.

May we fall as is meet, at His sacred feet,
But lift up our heads, His coming to greet;
He has been from His church a long season away,
And we trust that these storms do but herald His way.

"It is I," saith the Saviour, my glorious arm
Is stretched out, the alien hosts to disarm;
They have worried my flock, and I rise in might,
To defend their cause in each nation's sight.

The crown may be pluck'd from the monarch's brow,
Who refused to my sceptre, submissive to bow;
But the meek and the lowly who waiting stand,
To welcome me back, shall possess the land.

Digitized by Google

"IF TWO OF YOU SHALL AGREE ON EARTH, AS TOUCHING ANYTHING THAT THEY SHALL ASK, IT SHALL BE DONE FOR THEM OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN."—MATT. xviii. 19.

SAY, Harriet, have you ever felt,
As by your side a friend has knelt,
The truth of this sweet promise given,
And known your prayers were heard in heaven?

In sorrow, when the tear would flow
For your's, or for another's woe;
Say, have you felt a friend for you
Had pray'd, and had been answered too?

When you have knelt, but could not pray,
Has this thought chased the cloud away;
And bid reviving hope to glow,
A friend for me is pleading now?

Does not our faith oft wax more bright,
As this sweet promise comes in sight;
If two of you shall plead below,
My Father will the boon bestow?

Yes! pleading with our King for aid,
We have on this bright promise stayed;
Till we beheld the dark clouds riven,
That hid from us our God in heaven.

Who, knowing sympathy and love,
Meeten us for our home above;
Has bid us thus together pray,
And promised not to say us, nay!

Digitized by Google

BELOW AND ABOVE.

Below the tempest wildly raves,
Below are shipwrecks, wars, and graves,
Below are sorrows, doubts, and fears,
Heart-throbbings, bitterness, and tears.

Above—deep-thrilling notes of joy
Are ever pealing through the sky;
And peace, and purity, and love,
Dwell with the dazzling hosts above.

Here we behold the dark cloud lower,
And feel death's withering, crushing power;
Clasp loved ones to the throbbing heart,
Yet feel alas! that we must part.

There, seas are glass—and spirits bright
Dwell safely in their Prince's sight;
And feel the raptures they enjoy
No spoiler's hand can e'er destroy.

Digitized by Google

IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED PARENT, WHO EXCHANGED IN A MOMENT THE TOIL OF EARTH FOR THE REST OF PARADISE; THE SHADOWS OF TIME, FOR THE SPLENDOURS OF ETERNITY.

"He walked with God, and he was not."—Gen. v. 24.

He had but caught his Prince's eye,
Nor gave to earth one parting sigh,
But bounded joyously on high;
The pearly gates were open flung,
Through heaven's bright courts a welcome rung,
And he who meekly toiled below
Is in his Father's presence now.
"He walked with God, and he was not,"
Deem you not this a blissful lot?
To hear a Father's voice and go
Straight from a world of care and woe,
Without one pang, one sigh, one tear,
Cold Jordan passed without one fear?
And would we have him tread again
With us a pilgrimage of pain?
Father forgive—the wish were sin;
Aid us with diligence to win,
The golden prize that he has won,
And gain the blissful words, "well done."
Of all his tender care bereft,
We in a world of sin are left;

Digitized by Google

But blissful is the thought that he
Is ever more from sorrow free;
And with the witnesses on high—
It may be from the upper sky—
He still beholds us here below;
At the glad thought our spirits glow.
Fast rained our tears upon his bed,
But oh! we felt he was not dead,
But with the glorified above,
Tasting that God indeed is love.
We could have wished one farewell look,
Ere its glad flight his spirit took;
We could have wished one kiss, one prayer,
But then for us might anxious care
Have pressed his tender spirit down,
And dimmed the glimpse of glory thrown
Around that spirit winged for flight,
And shed a gloom where all was light;
So calm, so sweetly calm he lay,
His smiling features seemed to say—
My Father hath done all things well,
Soon shall we meet with Him to dwell;
And bending low before His throne,
Laud Him with raptures here unknown.
Death left on him no trace of fear;
The youthful smiled as they drew near.
For round his peaceful honoured head
A calm mild radiance seemed shed;
Soon on that loyal placid brow
In living character shall glow,

Digitized by Google

His Prince's name ;—no coming care
Shall fling a shade or furrow there ;
That eye so gently closed in sleep,
Shall never open more to weep,
But after one short peaceful night,
Rekindle into sevenfold light ;
That lip we oft so fondly prest,
That tender, kind, paternal breast,
Be gloriously rebuilt again,
And in untarnished glory reign.
Oh! at this thought we'll wipe each tear,
For with his King, he'll soon appear.

Digitized by Google

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE ON REST.

Bid me not yet to write of rest,
For 'tis not thus I would be blest;
I would,'Oh yes! I long to be
From every taint of evil free;
I long to leave all sin behind,
But action is the health of mind.
Oh! 'tis not dull inactive rest
For which it pants, this throbbing breast.

Than rest from dewy night to morn
I'd rather battle with the storm;
I'd rather face the ocean's roar
Than rest inactive on the shore;
Rather be storm-toss'd on the sea
Than rest from all employment free;
No, 'tis not rest, the sweetest rest,
For which it sighs, this aching breast.

Oh! 'tis not rest, but bright employ,
Can fill an active soul with joy;
The wheels of time, on on they roll,
The stars they journey round the pole;
On, on the rushing waters flow,
The breezes scarcely cease to blow
The sun it never thinks of rest,
And thus, Oh! thus, would I be blest.

Digitized by Google

As my lov'd Saviour did before,
He rested not; from shore to shore
He journed on, so would I do,
Be blest, and be a blessing too.
Sure it were sin to rest below,
At least I seem to feel it so;
Oh! no, there struggles in this breast
Feelings too deep to let me rest.

I cannot rest, for storms are rising,
And man, the mighty King despising,
Looks calmly on and seems to say,
I'll mock Him whom the storms obey.
Oh! who can watch a vessel sink,
Peopled with crowds, who will not think,
And calmly rest upon the shore,
Would that this apathy were o'er.
Then bid me not to think of rest,
For 'tis not thus I would be blest.

And do they rest, the blest above,
And can they rest whose hearts are love?
Ah! no they rest not day nor night,
Their songs of praise those spirits bright,
They rest not, but they strive to look
With glances bright in that blest book;
In that blest book wherein they scan
God's unexampled love to man.
Oh! bid me not to think of rest.
Till all I love below are blest.

Digitized by Google

NATURE'S REPROOF.

I'd have the angry turn aside
To where the waters rippling glide,
That the soft breeze might kiss his cheek
And nature to him gently speak;
And he, methinks, would shortly feel,
Kind feelings o'er his bosom steal.

The covetous, unfeeling soul,
I'd send him where the waters roll,
That he might mark them on their way,
Blessing the lands through which they stray.
Behold the bright orb over head,
On all its rays of glory shed.
And learn if still he has a heart
Some of his riches to impart.

The care-worn too, I'd hither bring,
That he might hear the young birds sing;
See insects in their happy flight,
And spotless lilies waving bright.
I'd have him linger here awhile,
Till his sad heart had learnt to smile,
And he could say, I feel that he
Who cares for lilies, cares for me.

Digitized by Google

TO ARTHUR.

What touching traits of infant grace
Beam, Arthur, in thy youthful face!
That eye so exquisitely blue
Seems bathed in tints of heavenly hue,
And thy young soul is flashing bright;
I trace it in the beaming light
Of those blue orbs. And can it be
That man, proud man, can gaze on thee,
Nor think of Him whose mercy mild
Hath fashioned thee, my beauteous child?
Nor laud him whose great power and might
Breathed in thy frame a soul of light?
It must not be; Oh! Be it mine
To cherish such young souls as thine!
To kindle in the fresh young heart
The sparks of love; then spread the chart
By wisdom sent to guide our way
To yon bright courts of endless day.
Oh! the bright tinted flowers are fair,
The skies are light, the rivulets clear,
And heavenly workmanship I trace
In all around; but thy young face
So beaming bright, so formed for gladness,
So potent to dispel all sadness,
Speaks to my soul with sevenfold might,
And tells me that the God of light,

Digitized by Google

Who floods the universe with brightness;
Who formed man in his glorious likeness,
Who makes the cherub's heart to glow,
And bids the streams of knowledge flow
In the pure seraph's burning soul,
Yet looks below. Sure round the pole
There's not a bird or floweret fair
But shares in his peculiar care.
Much more thy infant soul, sweet boy,
He formed for deep and deathless joy.
In this frail world joy blends with sorrow,
We smile to-day, but on the morrow
Our brightest hopes are veiled in gloom,
Or we stand gazing on the tomb.
My little one, I cannot tell
What raptures now thy bosom swell;
And equally 'twere all in vain
For me to guess what joy or pain
May fill thy yet unconscious soul,
Ere thou hast reached thy destined goal.
My bright One could this hand of mine
Fill thee a cup of bliss, 'twere thine,
And gladly would this heart employ
Its energies to yield thee joy;
But one who loves thee better still,
He who alone thy heart can fill
With deathless ever heightening pleasure,
Bright, ever brightening, beyond measure,
Can guide thee through this chequered land,
Then place thee 'mid that glittering band,

Digitized by Google

Who make the courts above to ring
With praises of their Heavenly king.
Such be thy blissful lot, dear boy!
Farewell! I wish thee deathless joy!

"TO THEM THAT LOOK FOR HIM SHALL HE APPEAR THE SECOND TIME WITHOUT SIN, UNTO SALVATION."—HEB. IX. 28.

LOOKING for Thee, our King, we stand,
A little band, nor ask for rest,
Oh! keep us till this weary land
Is with thy gracious presence blest.

Looking, my Saviour, yes we'll stand,
With longing eye till Thou appear;
Oh! hold us with thy mighty hand
Keep us till Thou in love draw near.

We will not, cannot, cease to look,
For thine own gracious word is past,
And thou who once our nature took,
Wilt come in might to reign at last.

Looking and longing, Mighty King,
Waiting we stand till Thou draw nigh;
Till earth with shouts of triumph ring,
And Hallelujahs rend the sky.

Digitized by Google

Recently Published,

THE WORDS BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

TEARS WIPED AWAY,

A Sacred Canzonet.

The profits from the sale of this publication will be given to the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. It may be had at the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution; at the London Society's House, 3, Chatham Place, Blackfriars; at J. Nisbet and Co's., Berners Street, Oxford Street; and at B. Wertheim's, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row.

Also,

GOD IS LOVE,

A Sacred Canzonet.

The profits from the sale of this publication will be given to the Protestant Association. It may be had at W. H. Dalton's, 28, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross; Francis Baisler's, 124, Oxford Street; and B. Wertheim's, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row.

Also,

"BEHOLD HE PRAYETH,"

A Tract, for circulation amongst the poor.

B. Wertheim, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row.

Digitized by Google

LONDON :
PRINTED AT THE OPERATIVE JEWISH CONVERTS' INSTITUTION,
PALESTINE PLACE, BETHNAL GREEN.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Google

Digitized by Google